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We have always calls for over 5,000 graduates to be furnished in the coming year. The new eight hour law, going into effect next March, has created a shortage of about 20,000 telegraphers on the railroads of the United States. Positions paying \$60 to \$90 per month to beginners, absolutely guaranteed under a \$150 bond.

This Institute is the largest of its kind in America and is under the direct supervision of railway officials. Enter at any time. Write for full details.

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Cincinnati, Ohio.

TIME TABLE,

Effective May 1st 1908.

SOUTHBOUND.

No. 25 Chicago-Nashville Lt. 4:35 a m
No. 321 Nashville Mail 11:30 a m
No. 205 Hopkinsville Ex. 3:55 p m

NORTHBOUND.

No. 332 Evansville Accom. 6:28 a m
No. 206 E'ville-Mattoon Ex. 3:31 p m
No. 26 Chicago Limited 10:13 p m
W. L. VENNOR, Agent.

A Well Known Fact

That no skin disease, whether from internal or external origin, can long withstand the two powerful germicides, ZEMO and ZEMOTONE, they destroy the germs that cause the disease, they always cure. Write for sample. E. W. Rose Med. Co., St. Louis. All Druggists sell it.

HAYNES & TAYLOR

Weak Kidneys

Weak Kidneys surely point to weak kidney nerves. The kidneys, like the heart, and the stomach, and the lungs, are the organs of the body, but in the nerves that control and strengthen them. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is a medicine specifically prepared to reach these controlling nerves. To doctor the kidneys alone, is futile. It is a waste of time, and of money as well.

If your back aches or is weak, if the urine is cloudy, or is dark and strong, if you have symptoms of Bright's or other distressing or dangerous kidney disease, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative a month—Tablets or Liquid—and see what it can and will do for you. Druggist recommend and sell.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

JAS. H. ORME.

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THE GUARANTEED
WORM
REMEDY

THE CHILDREN'S FAVORITE TONIC.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
THE GENUINE PREPARED ONLY BY
Ballard-Snow Liniment Co.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Sold and recommended by J. H. Orme

Farragut

By ROBERTUS LOVE

Of Farragut the brave
Let us send a ringing stave
Down the past,
When the fortress cannon crashed
And the admiral was lashed
To the mast,
When the shells shrieked and broke
On the Hartford's hull of oak.

St. Gaudens' Statue of Farragut



the Brave

Copyright, 1908, by Robertus Love

Not in ships forged of steel
All the batteries of Mobile
Did he dare,
Yet the glory of his fight
Scintillates enduring light
On the air,
With a far shining flame
To illuminate his name.

In Madison Square, New York.

The Cutest Yankee Soldier

By MITCHEL FAY.

[Copyright, 1908, by C. N. Lurie.]



HE GOT PAST THE GUARD.

He'd go on spying. He wouldn't go back to the commander who sent him until he'd finished his job and got all the information he wanted.

Our trouble was that we were in the field, where we hadn't any jail to put him in. The first time we caught him red handed, with memoranda of our forces on him, the guard was dead tired after a twenty-four hour march and went to sleep. To get away that time was easy. We caught him and shut him up in a box car on the railroad track. He sawed a hole in the bottom of the car, let himself down and got past the guard in the darkness.

Well, we caught him again, though this time he tried hard enough to make his lines, and I wanted to string him right up. The colonel came pretty near giving me an order to do so, but concluded that he'd better get the general's order, and this necessitated our keeping him overnight. This time we decided to put him in a farmhouse. We put a guard in the room with him and a double guard on the outside of the house.

The Yank, besides being slick, was the best looking chap you ever saw in your life, and he had such a pleasant smile that I hated the idea of putting an end to it. There was a half grown girl in the house, an awkward, freckled, red headed thing that none of us noticed or considered any element of danger. How the spy found a way of getting her interested in him or whether she did it all without the asking we never found out. She ran into the room where he was and excitedly told the sentry that the Yanks were coming full tilt. The guard ran out, and when he found it was only a scare and went back the prisoner wasn't there. He got away through a secret tunnel the farmer had dug.

He was a beautiful runner—we had had experience in that—and an artful dodger besides, but he had little start, and we felt no fear of not catching him. Just as we were starting in different directions a man told us of snow-birds, bounds near by, so we got 'em, and they picked up the scent. We didn't hurry much as soon as we found we could get the dogs, or, rather, the man I sent for 'em was a long while getting 'em, and I reckon the Yank had got about forty minutes' start; but, Lord, that wasn't anything since he

was more than twenty miles from his lines, and we felt dead sure of getting him.

The dogs kept the scent for about a mile, when they lost it at a creek. The Yank had walked in the water some distance, and then, instead of getting back on to dry land on the opposite side, he crossed farther up. This threw the dogs off the scent for quite awhile.

The first we heard of our man he'd taken a horse out of a widow's barn. We followed him through a clump of houses where there was a store and learned that he'd gone into the store, told the storekeeper that he was a Confederate courier in a hurry with important dispatches, helped himself to what he could find to eat and asked the storekeeper if he had any red pepper, as he was mighty fond of it on meat. The storekeeper gave him a box, and the Yank jumped on his horse and galloped away.

Funny, wasn't it—a man flying from the ropes so particular about the seasoning of his food? By this time we'd tracked him some ten miles and he was going straight in the direction of the Federal lines, but his horse didn't seem to be much of a beast for endurance, for we kept hearing of the man nearer and nearer. When about two miles ahead of us he left the road and made for a big field, letting down a rail fence to get into it. He soon struck the road again, and it was evident that he'd made a cutoff. Then we followed him up a creek that was pretty near dry, and at last came to his horse, lying stone dead in a cotton field.

"Hooray!" we all shouted. "We've got him! Another mile or two 'll do the business."

But he'd been riding all the while and must have been as fresh as a daisy for running. Anyway, he gave us a lively chase.

First we came upon his hat, that had doubtless been knocked off by a branch, and he hadn't lost time in picking it up. Some of our men had forced him to exchange a pair of worn-out shoes for his boots, and pretty soon we found blood in his tracks. We calculated we were not half a mile behind him, and it was still five miles to the nearest Federal picket. The blood tracks grew more and more marked, and it was plain that he couldn't run very fast with bleeding feet.

All of a sudden the foremost dog, skipping along with his nose to the ground, stopped and sneezed. The next and the next did the same till every dog was sneezing so hard we were afraid they'd sneeze their heads off. The Yank had poured red pepper in his shoes, in which there were plenty of holes, through which it could run out into his tracks. The dogs sneezed and sneezed and then turned tail on the trail. No whipping would drive them on. Some of us followed the Yank, but we didn't get him. The last we saw of him he was scooting into the Federal lines.

What did we do with the girl who helped him get away? Nothing. And I've been glad ever since we didn't. The Yank came back after the war and married her. They're living in the house from which she helped him to escape. They've got a dozen or more grandchildren.

In Memory of the Brave.
At Gettysburg 300 Union regiments and batteries were engaged, and today these organizations are represented by almost as many monuments, which cost from \$200 to \$40,000 each.

Those Broken Ranks

A Memorial Day Poem by
Marion Couthouy Smith.

[Copyright, 1908, by Marion C. Smith.]



Sound in our dreaming ears,
And, hark, the battle thunders swell
Across the gulf of years!

How strange, how swift, the after days!
Spring after spring goes by:
Voices of sorrow and of praise
In lessening murmurs die;
The ranks are thinned, their work long done.

The stately heads grown white,
And brave old comrades one by one
Pass out beyond our sight.



AND, HARK, THE BATTLE THUNDERS SWELL!
New hopes, new triumphs, projects wide.

Have filled the nation's heart.
Strong men, once children at our side,
Now fill their destined part.
But still they stand—those broken ranks—
To share with spirits dear
The incense of a people's thanks
Uprising year by year.

Alas, how soon those passing hosts
Will vanish from our view.
Their very memories be as ghosts
Of men our fathers knew!

Yet from the past,
With glory fraught,
Their praises still shall ring
And tribute to their graves
Be brought
In laden bloom
Of spring.

Fired First and Last Shot.
It is a fact not generally known that the man who fired the first gun in the civil war killed himself with another shot not long after the close of the conflict. Edmund Ruffin, who opened the bombardment of Fort Sumter by firing the first cannon shot, owned a large plantation on the James river, with many slaves. He was an old man, but intensely loyal to the south. By the fortunes of war his estate was ruined. So disappointed and humiliated was Ruffin by the failure of the southern cause that on the 17th of June, 1865, at Amelia Court House, Va., the old man loaded a musket and killed himself.

Fired From Fort Sumter.
Dr. V. Hutson Ford of Washington recently gave the National museum a forty pound cannon ball fired from Fort Sumter during the opening engagement of the civil war.



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will cure that throat in short order. Ballard's Snow Liniment penetrates the pores, promoting free circulation, giving the muscles more elasticity.

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A Californian's Luck.
"The luckiest day of my life was when I thought of a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve," writes Charles F. Badahn, of Tracy, California. "Two 25c. boxes cured me of an annoying case of itching piles, which had troubled me for years and which yielded to no other treatment." Sold under guarantee at Jas. H. Orme and Haynes & Taylor's drugstore.

There is a Pink Pain Tablet made by Dr. Shoop, that will positively stop any pain, anywhere in 20 minutes. Druggists everywhere sell them as Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets, but they stop other pains as easily as headache. Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets simply coax blood pressure away from pain centers—that is all. Pain comes from blood pressure—congestion. Stop that pressure with Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets and pain is instantly gone 20 Tablets 25c. Sold by Jas. H. Orme.

For Whooping Cough.
Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will keep the cough loose, expectoration easy and render the fits of coughing less frequent and less severe. It is safe and sure. For sale by J. H. Orme.